Dut. Thy life answer?

Enter Servant with Boots.

Yor. Bring my Boots, I will unto the King.

Dut. Strike him *Aumerle.* Poore boy, thou art amaz'd,
Hence Villaine, never more come in my sight.

Yor. Give me my Boots I say.

Dut. Why *Yorke*, what wilt thou doe?
Wilt thou not hide the trespasse of thine owne?
Have we more sonnes? Or are we like to have?
Is not my teeming date drunke up with time?
And wilt thou plucke my faire sonne from mine Age,
And rob me of a happy mothers name?
Is he not like thee? is he not thine owne?

Yor. Thou fond and mad woman,
Wilt thou conceale this darke conspiracy?
A dozen of them here have tane the Sacrament,
And enterchangeably set downe their hands
To kill the King at Oxford.

Dut. He shall be none:
Wee'l keepe him here: then what is that to him?

Yor. Away fond woman: were he twenty times my
sonne, I would appeach him.

Dut. Hadst thou groan'd for him, as I have done,
Thou wouldest be more pittifull:
But now I know thy minde; thou do'st suspect
That I have beene disloyall to thy bed,
And that he is a bastard, not thy sonne:
Sweet *Yorke*, sweet husband, be not of that mind:
He is as like thee, as a man may be,
Not like to me, nor any of my Kin,
And yet I love him.

Yor. Make way, unruly woman. *Exit.*

Dut. After *Aumerle.* Mount thee upon his Horse,
Spurre post, and get before him to the King,
And beg thy pardon, ere he doe accuse thee,
Ile not be long behinde: though I be old,
I doubt not but to ride as fast as Yorke:
And never will I rise up from the ground,

Till

Till *Bullingbrooke* have pardon

Scæna T

Enter Bullingbrooke, Per

Bul. Can no man tell of my
'Tis full three monthes since
If any plague hang over us, 't
I would to heaven (my Lords
Enquire at London, 'mongst
For there (they say) he daily d
With un-restrained loose Co
Even such (they say) as stand
And rob our watch, and beate
Which he (young wanton, and
Takes on the poynt of honou
So dissolute a crew.

Per. My Lord, some two da
And told him of these triump

Bul. And what sayd the

Per. His answer was, he w
And from the common'st crea
And weare it as a favour, an
He would unhorse the lustie

Bul. As dissolute as desp'r
I see some sparks of better ho
May happily bring forth. But

Enter Aum

Aum. Where is the King?

Bul. What meanes my Co
And lookes so wildely?

Aum. God save your Grac
To have some conference wit

Bul. Withdraw your selves
What is the the matter with

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